DEADPOOL® Killustrated

BUTCHERING STORIES FROM LITERATURE'S FINEST AUTHORS!

NO. 1

MOBY DICK

MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY! NOT FOR KIDS!

BUNN
LOLLI
PARSONS
GANDINI

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THE PACIFIC OCEAN. 1850.
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERYONE'S LIFE...
...WHEN THEY REALIZE WHAT I'VE COME TO KNOW.
WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER BOAT.
FSSSSS
OKAY...
HERE WE GO.

SO...THIS IS THE BIG GUY...

...MOBY DICK!

AND ME IN A DINGHY.

FFRRWOOOOSSHH!

THE METAPHOR ISN'T LOST ON--

--MEEEEEEEEEEEE!

MAN OVERBOARD!

THROW ME A LIFELINE, REGIS!

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME! I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO--

HOW DID WE GET HERE?

OH, YEAH. WAIT. I REMEMBER.

DEADPOOL Killustrated

DEADPOOL KILLED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.

THE VEIL LIFTED FROM HIS EYES AND HE SAW THE WORLD FOR WHAT IT WAS: A FICTION. HE TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO SET EVERYONE, HERO AND VILLAIN ALIKE, FREE FROM THE BURDEN OF LIVING THE TALE.

BUT HIS JOB ISN'T DONE YET.

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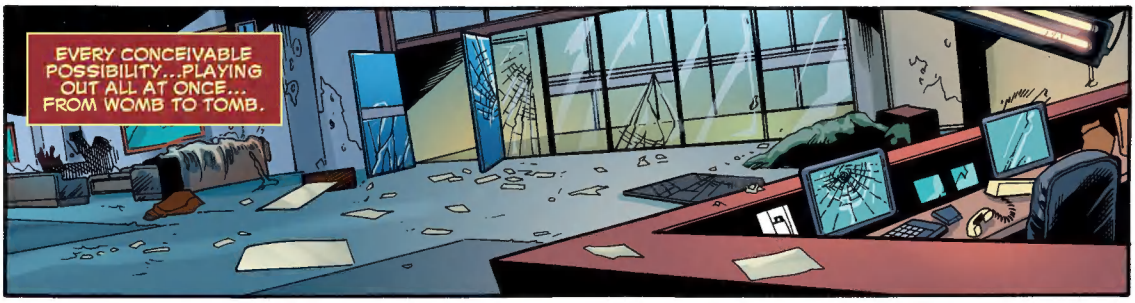
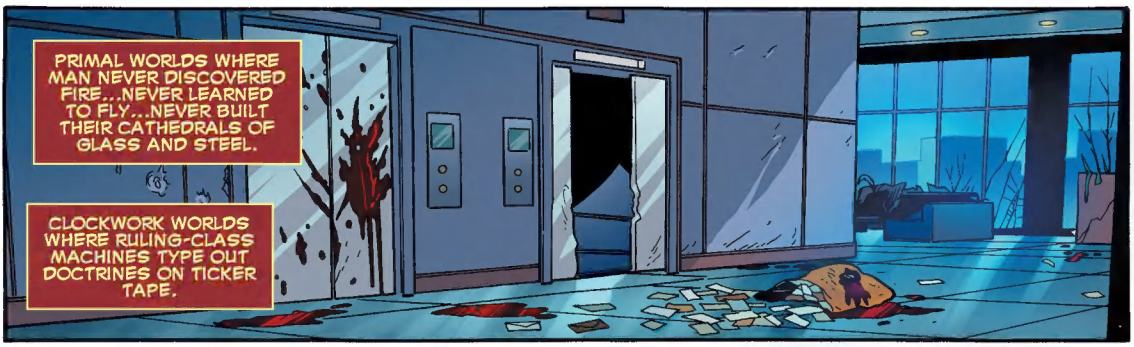
THE MULTIVERSE.
NEW YORK CITY. 163 YEARS LATER.
FIVE DAYS EARLIER.


EVERY CONCEIVABLE POSSIBILITY...PLAYING OUT ALL AT ONCE... FROM WOMB TO TOMB.


PRIMAL WORLDS WHERE MAN NEVER DISCOVERED FIRE...NEVER LEARNED TO FLY...NEVER BUILT THEIR CATHEDRALS OF GLASS AND STEEL.
CLOCKWORK WORLDS WHERE RULING-CLASS MACHINES TYPE OUT DOCTRINES ON TICKER TAPE.

TO F4 NEW YORK
TO MS SUE BAXTER BLD NEW YORK
MY NAME IS
FANTASTIC 4
BEN GRIMM BLD
WORLDS WHERE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS...AS INSANE AS IT SOUNDS... WERE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN.
WORLDS LORDED OVER BY DAMN...DIRTY... SUPER HEROES.

AND WORLDS WHERE I'VE SLAUGHTERED EVERY LIVING SOUL.
AND IT ALL STARTED WITH SUCH A SIMPLE LIE.

THE END IS NEAR.
BUT IT'S NEVER GOING TO BE OVER, IS IT?
ALL THE ASSASSINATION... THE SLAUGHTER...
I GUESS THERE IS SOMETHING TO THAT WHOLE IDEA OF "TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING."
I KILL AND I KILL AND I KILL...BUT IT'S NEVER ENOUGH.
THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER SPIDER-MAN... ANOTHER CAPTAIN AMERICA...ANOTHER MS. MARVEL...
SUPER HEROES... THE MULTIVERSAL COCKROACH.

I WONDER...
YOU THINK... AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE...THEY'D LET ME DIE?
PULL THE TRIGGER AND FIND OUT.
CH-CLIK

WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE GIVEN THE WALLS YOUR CEREBRAL JACKSON POLLOCK TREATMENT.
BUT...IF YOU'VE TRULY SEVERED THE EXISTENTIAL UMBILICAL CORD...MAYBE YOU CAN REST AT LAST.

IT'S MORE LIKELY YOU'LL HEAL...
...OR BE CLONED...OR GO INTO SOME SORT OF LARVAL STATE UNTIL YOU CAN EMERGE AGAIN, STRONGER THAN BEFORE...OR BE RAISED THROUGH BLACK MAGIC...OR--
I GET IT. I GET IT.
IF I GIVE UP NOW...I MIGHT AS WELL BE SELLING MY SOUL TO THE COMPANY STORE.

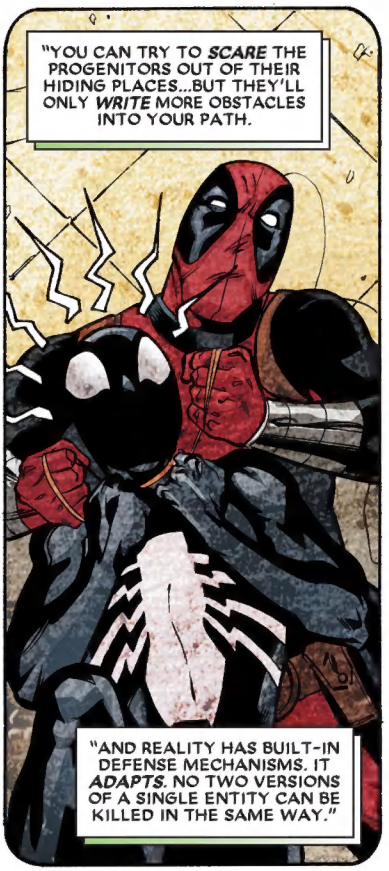
I MAY BE A NAUGHTY LITTLE PUPPET, BUT I'M STILL A PUPPET.
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'VE BROKEN FREE FROM THEIR INFLUENCE.
THE PROGENITORS WILL WRITE YOU STRAIGHT BACK INTO CONTINUITY IF THEY GET HALF A CHANCE.

THE ONLY WAY FOR THIS TO END IS TO CARVE YOUR WAY THROUGH REALITY UNTIL YOU FIND THE SOURCE...
...AND KILL IT.
ALL RIGHT...
...PLAN B, THEN.

GOOD EVENING, MAD SCIENTIST BRIGADE!
WHAT *NASTINESS* HAS MY *THINK TANK* COOKED UP FOR ME TODAY?
DESIGNER ZOMBIE VIRUSES?
MENTALLY UNSTABLE MOLECULES?
PARASITIC PYM PARTICLES?
WHOLESALE GENOCIDE IS MY BUSINESS, AND BUSINESS IS *BOOMING!*

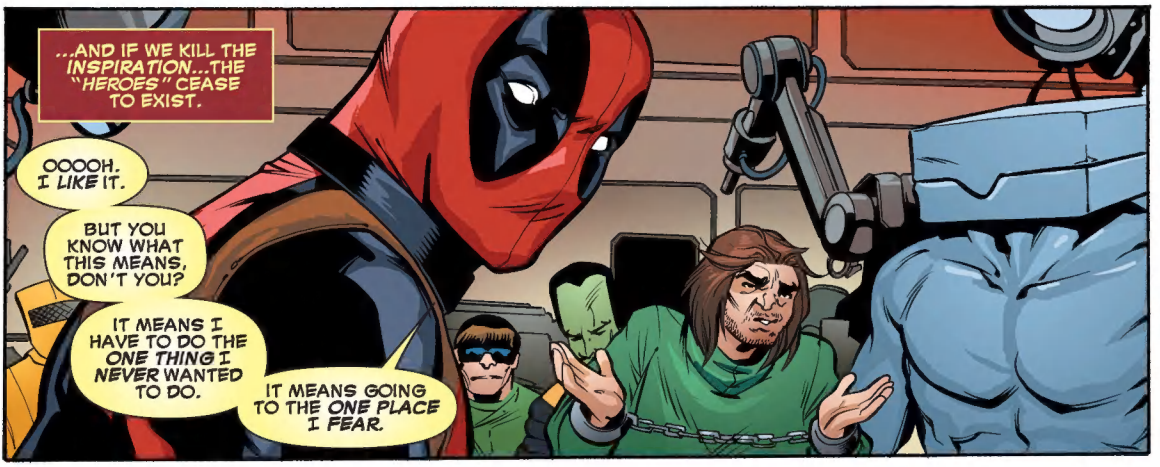
"BUT YOU ARE...*SELF-AWARE*... A ROGUE ENTITY WHO CAN PEER THROUGH THE VEIL OF CREATION.
"TO FREE YOURSELF... TO FREE US ALL...YOU MUST BECOME..."
...METACIDAL.

"YOU'VE MURDERED YOUR WAY THROUGH COUNTLESS REALITIES, HOPING TO FIND OUR CREATORS.
"WHOEVER THEY ARE, THOUGH, THEY'VE PROTECTED THEMSELVES... PLANTED DIMENSIONAL SPEED-BUMPS THROUGHOUT ALL OF CREATION.

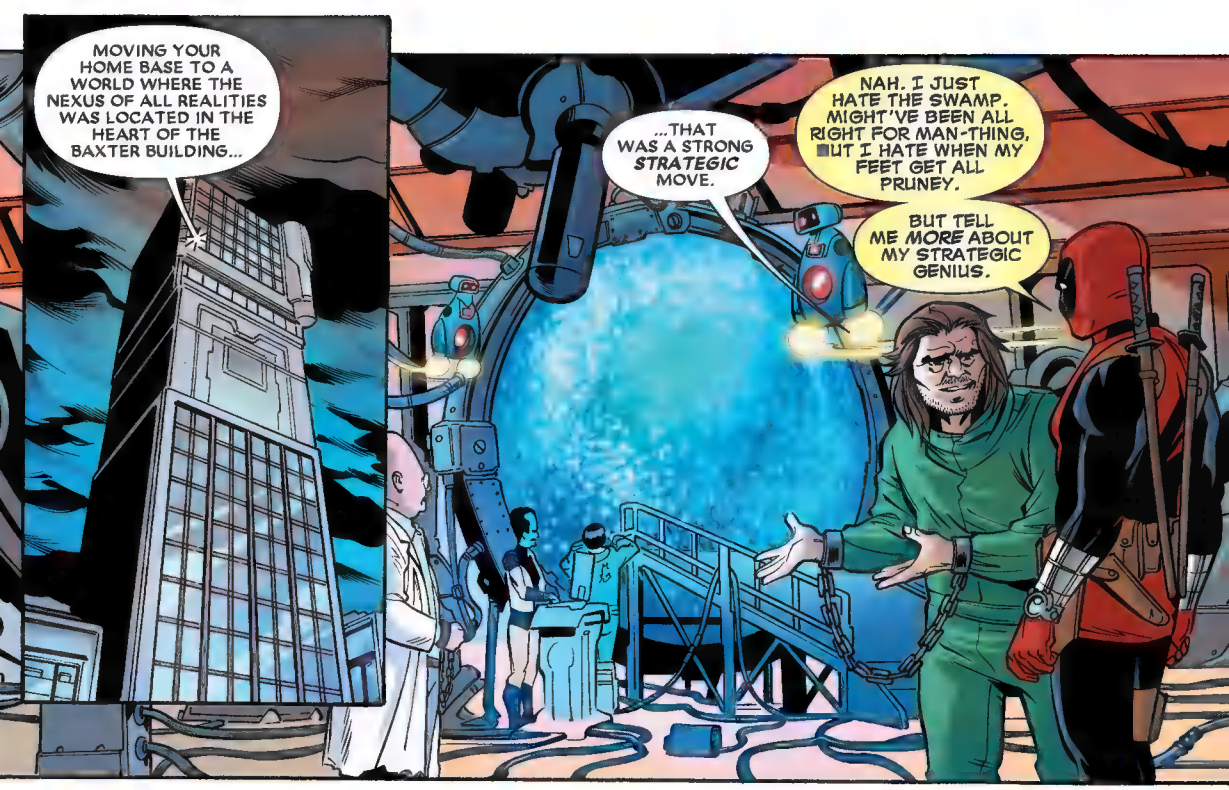

"YOU CAN TRY TO SCARE THE PROGENITORS OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES...BUT THEY'LL ONLY WRITE MORE OBSTACLES INTO YOUR PATH.
"AND REALITY HAS BUILT-IN DEFENSE MECHANISMS. IT ADAPTS. NO TWO VERSIONS OF A SINGLE ENTITY CAN BE KILLED IN THE SAME WAY."

IN THEORY, YOU'VE TRAPPED YOURSELF IN AN INTERMINABLE CYCLE OF HUNTING AND KILLING.
BUT WE'VE DISCOVERED A FISSURE. A HIDDEN METAVERSE. AND IT IS OUR BELIEF THAT THE NONENTITIES THAT EXIST THEREIN REPRESENT EARLIER WORKS OF FICTION.
THE CLASSICS, IF YOU WILL.

SO FAR, THIS ISN'T BLASTING MY SKIRT INTO OBLIVION.
THE FABRIC OF THE COSMOS IS FRAGILE...EVEN MORE SO WHEN ONE REALITY IS LAYERED ON TOP OF ANOTHER.
EVERYTHING HAPPENING AT ONCE...EVERY CONCEPT BIRTHING ANOTHER... EVERY IDEA SPAWNING LIKE SALMON...
THE "CHARACTERS" IN THIS...IDEAVERSE...IN ALL LIKELIHOOD SERVED AS THE INSPIRATIONAL BUILDING BLOCKS FOR THE HEROES AND VILLAINS YOU SEEK TO DESTROY.

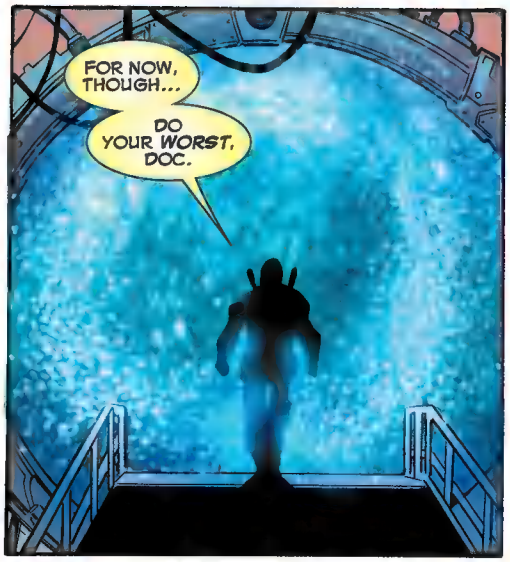

...AND IF WE KILL THE INSPIRATION...THE "HEROES" CEASE TO EXIST.
OOOOH. I LIKE IT.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, DON'T YOU?
IT MEANS I HAVE TO DO THE ONE THING I NEVER WANTED TO DO.
IT MEANS GOING TO THE ONE PLACE I FEAR.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
THE END IS NEAR
"IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES..."
"ALL HAPPY FAMILIES ARE ALIKE; EACH UNHAPPY FAMILY IS UNHAPPY IN ITS OWN WAY."
"IT IS A LITTLE REMARKABLE THAT... THOUGH DISINCLINED TO TALK OVERMUCH OF MYSELF AND MY AFFAIRS AT THE FIRESIDE, AND TO MY PERSONAL FRIENDS..."
ZZZ-SNORT!
BOOOOOOORRRING!
NO MORE! NO MORE! I CAN'T TAKE IT! ANOTHER WORD AND I'M GONNA GO APE&#$%!
I'D RATHER MURDER SPIDER-MAN A MILLION MORE TIMES THAN READ ANOTHER ONE OF THESE!
AT THIS RATE, IT WILL TAKE FOREVER TO IDENTIFY THE SPECIFIC CORRELATIONS BETWEEN CHARACTERS OF CLASSIC LITERATURE AND OUR TARGETS.
THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
I KNOW. I KNOW.
KILL 'EM ALL!


MOVING YOUR HOME BASE TO A WORLD WHERE THE NEXUS OF ALL REALITIES WAS LOCATED IN THE HEART OF THE BAXTER BUILDING...
...THAT WAS A STRONG *STRATEGIC* MOVE.
NAH. I JUST HATE THE SWAMP. MIGHT'VE BEEN ALL RIGHT FOR MAN-THING, BUT I HATE WHEN MY FEET GET ALL PRUNEY.
BUT TELL ME *MORE* ABOUT MY STRATEGIC GENIUS.

WE'VE USED REED RICHARDS' EQUIPMENT TO PUNCH A HOLE INTO THE IDEAVERSE.
PASSAGE THROUGH THIS MAKESHIFT GATEWAY WILL BE...JARRING.
TIME IS NOT A *CONSTANT* IN THE IDEAVERSE.
YOU'LL MOVE THROUGH TIME AND SPACE RANDOMLY, BUT THE MECHANISMS WITHIN THIS WRIST UNIT SHOULD ALLOW YOU TO CONTROL *WHEN* YOU JUMP.

YOU DONE GOOD, DOC.
YOU ALL DID.
I'M GLAD I KEPT YOU AROUND.
AND I LEFT YOU A LITTLE *FAREWELL PRESENT* FOR AFTER I'M GONE.


FOR NOW, THOUGH...
DO YOUR *WORST*, DOC.

THIS COULD BE A TRICK! YOU KNOW?

AS FAR AS YOU KNOW, YOU JUST JUMPED INTO THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN THE STOCKHOLM SYNDROME, WOULD YA?
BESIDES... YOU SAID IT YOURSELF...THEY COULDN'T KILL ME EVEN IF THEY TRIED.
SO WHERE'S THE DOWNSIDE?
LA MANCHA, SPAIN. 1610.
RRRRRFF...
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S FIGURE OUT WHERE I AM AND WHO HAS TO DIE--
--FFFFFFFFFFF
SHUUUNNKK

RRHHRRGG!
WHAT FOLLY IS THIS? WHAT INSULT?
YONDER GIANTS HAVE DISPATCHED A JESTER TO PARLEY IN THEIR STEAD!
HHRGGG!
THERE IS NO HONOR IN TREATING WITH BUFFOONS!
AND NO FOOL WILL STAND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUS WARFARE!
SSHHKKLLKKSSSSK
Y-YOU... KNOW...
I KIND OF... HATE THAT... YOU HAD TO BE FIRST.
YOU, I LIKE.
HOW CAN IT BE?
IS IT SOME SORCERER'S GAME THAT ALLOWS THIS... GOBLIN...TO SPEAK EVEN AS I FLY THE COLOR OF ITS BLOOD AS MY BANNER?

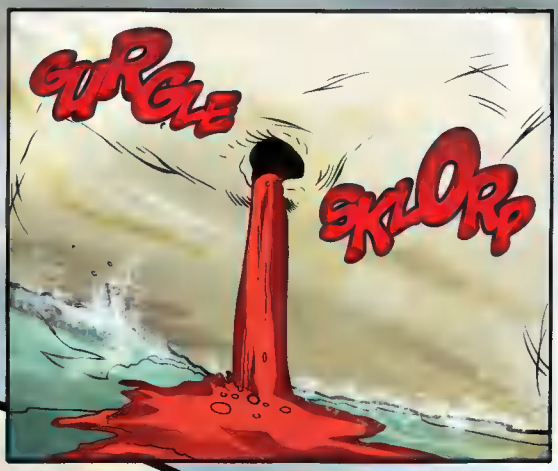
SORRY ABOUT THIS, CHUCKLES...
...BUT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING IN YOUR EYE.
WHA--
SLSSSK
REEAAAGGHH!
OOMPH!
CRASH

RAAGHH!
B-BLINDED!
PLEASE... PLEASE, LORD! LOOK DOWN ON Y-YOUR SERVANT!
HEAL ME SO THAT I MIGHT CONTINUE MY QUEST!
SNAP
DON'T WORRY, PAL.
WHEN IT COMES TO IMPRACTICAL PURSUITS, I GOT YA COVERED.
SLAM
MY GRACE!
YOU... YOU'VE KILLED HIM!
WHO'RE YOU?
ON SECOND THOUGHT...
...NEVER MIND.
KAPOW
CONSIDER THE WINDMILL TILTED.

"WHO'S NEXT?"
1850.
UP AHEAD!
PEQUOD
THE WHALE! THERE HE IS!
OFF THE PORT BOW!
HARPOONS AT THE READY, MEN!
WHEN THIS BEAST BLOWS, STAB IT RIGHT IN ITS DEVIL'S HEART!
STAB IT DEEP AND MAKE SURE THE SPEARS TAKE HOLD!
CAP'N-- LOOK!
PEQUOD
NO!
HE'S MY KILL! HE BELONGS TO ME!
I SWORE TO CHASE HIM TO THE ABYSS ITSELF, AND IT SEEMS THE BEAST WOULD HOLD ME TO THAT PROMISE.
HE TASKS ME!

EVEN IN DEATH...
...HE TASKS ME.

WAIT... WHAT'S...


GURGLE
SKLORP

GGKLLKKK

HACKING THROUGH BONE AND MUSCLE AND SINEW...
...GULPING DOWN STOMACH ACID BY THE MOUTHFUL...
...CRAWLING OUT OF A DEAD WHALE'S SMELLY BLOWHOLE...
GUESS I CAN CROSS THAT OFF THE OL' BUCKET-LIST!

A SURVIVOR!
HE KILLED THE MONSTER! HE KILLED MOBY DICK!
WHAT IS HE WEARING?!?
BRING HIM ON BOARD!

CAREFUL NOW!
CAREFUL!
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, FELLAS.

BUT...REALLY...SOMEBODY OUGHT TO SCHOOL YOU ABOUT THE DANGERS OF PICKING UP...
WAITAMINUTE.
WHERE'S I PICK UP THIS LITTLE GUY?

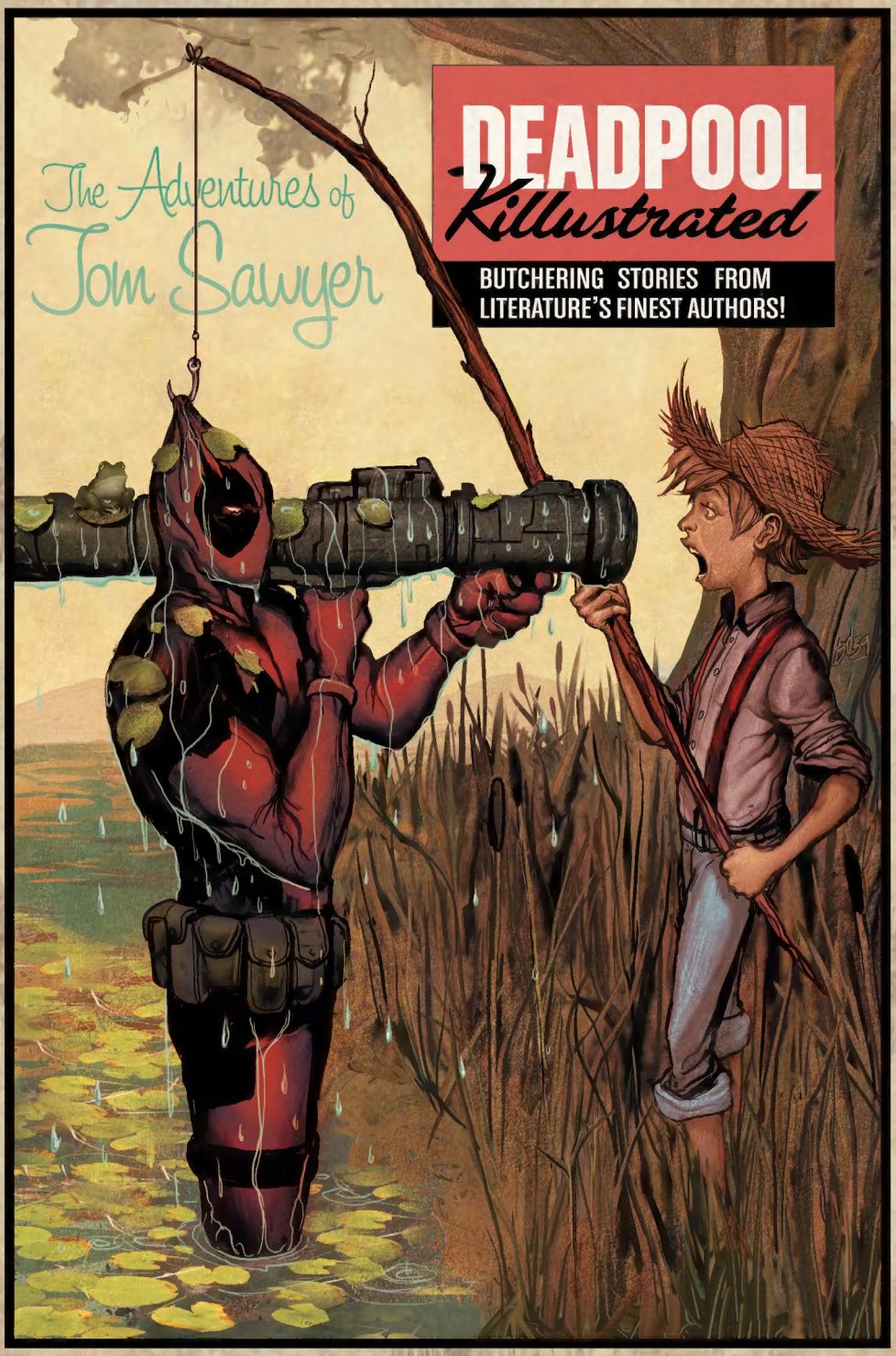
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.
YOU'RE OUT OF--

--PLACE.
THE VISION?

UH...
THAT...
...WAS DIFFERENT.
YOU'RE ON BOARD THE PEQUOD NOW, STRANGER.
I'M CAPTAIN AHAB, EXTENDING YOU MY HOSPITALITY.
AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?
CALL ME...
...ISHMAEL.
BUT THAT... THAT'S MY NAME.
OOOH, NEAT!
LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE WE HAVE IN COMMON, HMM?
FOR INSTANCE... I'VE GOT A KNIFE IN MY HAND.
SHLINK
AND YOU'VE GOT ONE RIPPING YOUR LUNGS TO RIBBONS.
HRRK--
ALL RIGHT, SAILORS!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT!
"FROM HELL'S HEART... FOR HATE'S SAKE..."
YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES.

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT MONTH:



TOM SAWYER: RENT IN TWAIN!

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